TMC
TORONTO MALE CHORUS CLUB

NINTH SEASON.

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP, Conductor.

MR. W. F. ROBINSON, Associate Conductor.

Massey Music Hall

Thursday Evening, Feb. 6th, 1902.

MILN-BINGHAM PRINTING CO.
TORONTO

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

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The Club will be assisted

by

MONS. JEAN GERARDY,

'Cellist,

and

MADAME CHARLOTTE MACONDA,

Soprano.

Accompanists:

MISS EVA J. LUTTRELL (Club),

AND

MRS. H. M. BLIGHT.

The Gerhard Heintzman Concert Grand Pianos used at this concert are from the warerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Yonge St., Toronto.

Programme.

God Save the King.

1. LACHNER— Hymn to Music (op. 17, No. 1).
2. BOCCHERINI— Sonata (two movements).

MONS. GERARDY.

3. MEYERBEER— Grand Chorus of Bishops and Priests (l'Africaine).
4. DAVID— "le Perle du Brazil."

MME. MACONDA.

5. BRIDGE— The Goslings.
6. (*a*) SAINT SAËNS— "le Cygne."
   (*b*) POPPER— Gavotte.

MONS. GERARDY.

7. COOKE— Strike the Lyre.
8. (*a*) GOUNOD— "Connais tu le Pays."
   (*b*) SCHUMANN— "Nussbaum."
   (*c*) SCHUMANN— "Auftrage."

MME. MACONDA.

9. LAMOTHE— "Breeze of the Night" (Waltz Song).
10. (*a*) BACH— Aria.
    (*b*) DAVIDOFF— Am Springbrunnen.

MONS. GERARDY.

11. SCHAEFER— "Come Away" (Polka Serenade).
12. (*a*) BACHELET— Chere Nuit.
    (*b*) GRIEG— Solvegslied.
    (*c*) STRAUSS— Serenade.

MME. MACONDA.

13. De KOVEN— Recessional.

1. Lachner.

Hymn to Music.

Op. 17, No. 1.

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

Oh Art, thou holiest temple of earth!
Upon thy threshold kneeleth the master, with hands silent folded:
The ivy twineth its branches, coileth around thy columns fair, and drapeth in verdure thy arches above.
Music awakes!
The glorious swell of organ tones, tubas and trumpets resounding with mighty power,
Now breathing softly as a gentle flute, to stars above.
Then rushing and roaring in tempest arising, like thunder it rolls!
And the heart of man hears the tones so majestic; and from his eyes, unbidden, the tears are shed:
Then rising in rapture, all hopeful it soars to regions of glory on high!
That all hath Music wrought, the glorious Art, Music.
Oh Art! Oh glorious Art.

2. Boccherini.

Sonata (two movements).

Mons. Gerardy.

3. Meyerbeer.

Grand Chorus of Bishops and Priests (l'Africaine).

Toronto Male Chorus Club

Behold us here united stand this festal day!
In praise and prayer let each be heard to swell the lay!
In worship, bending low, let supplication pour;
O lend Thine ear, as now we worship and adore.
Hear, O hear us, Lord!

Thou who the world hast created,
Fill Thou our hearts with Thy peace,
Now may our cares be abated,
May every woe find surcease.
From out the depths of Thy mercy hear us, Lord.

Thou who hast given to our watchful care
All these sheep of Thy fold,
Grant that continually we may share
Thy support as 'twas of old.
O may the beams of Thy glory shine upon us, good Lord,
Be Thou our guard, our guide, for evermore.

As now we here united stand this festal day,
O lend Thine ear as now we worship and adore.
Hear, O hear us, Lord!

4. David.

"le Perle du Brazil."

Mme. Maconda.

5. Bridge.

"The Goslings."

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

She was a pretty little gosling,
And a gay young gosling he ;
And "I love you," he said, "so dearly,"
And "I love you too," said she.

But "alas ! we must part," he whispered,
"I'm off to the world so wide ;
But love, don't fear, I'll come next year
And make you my little bride."

'Twas Michaelmas day at morning,
That he came home once more,
He met his true love's mother,
And oh ! she was weeping sore.

"Too late, you've come," she whispered,
"They've taken your love away,
She never will be your bride, ah me !
For she's going to be cooked to-day."

Then up he went to the farm house :
"Where is my love ?" he said ;
But the farmer's wife she seized a knife
And cut off his little head.

And she served him up with his true love,
On a dish so deep and wide,
So though in life they were parted,
In death they were side by side.

6. Saint Saens.

(a) "le Cygne."

Popper.

(b) "Gavotte."

Mons. Gerardy.

7. Cooke.

"Strike the Lyre."

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

Strike, strike the lyre, let Music tell,
The blessings Spring shall scatter round,
Fragrance shall float on every gale,
And opening flow'rets paint the ground.

Oh! I have past whole hours in sighs,
Condemn'd the absent fair to mourn,
But she appears, and sorrow flies,
And pleasure smiles at her return.

I love the proud and solemn sweep
Of harp and trumpet's harmony,
Like swellings of the mid-night deep,
Like anthems of the opening sky.

But lovelier to my heart the tone that dies
Along the twilight's wing, just heard,
A silvery sigh and gone
As if a spirit touched the string.

Welcome is the joyous strain,
That bids the anxious lover burn,
The smile of beauty wakes again,
And discord flies at her return.

8. Gounod.

(a) "Connais tu le Pays."

Schumann.

(b) "Nussbaum."

(c) "Auftrage."

Mme. Maconda.

9. Lamothe.

"Breeze of the Night."

(Waltz Song.)

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

Fair and bright
Is the night!
Come, ah! come with me
While I'm singing to Thee, my Love.
Sweet the melody
Swells on the breeze—the soft breeze of night—
Come with me, my Love.
Stars shine over the sea,
I am waiting, my Love,
Haste and come with me.

In the ripple of the water every little star is brightly gleaming,
While my Love is dreaming, and the moon is beaming,
And the merry carol of the happy sailor steals upon the air to-night.
In my boat we will row on the sparkling wavelets,
Gently we'll row, Love, out upon the wave,
On the ripple of the waters row, Love;
Fair is night!

10. Bach.

(a) Aria.

Davidoff.

(b) Am Springbrunnen.

Mons. Gerardy.

11. Schaefer.

"Come Away."

(Polka Serenade.)

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

Come away, come away, pretty maiden,
Merrily, merrily, sings thy swain;
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat beats thy bosom
To the polka's merry strain.

All men are not gay deceivers,
Some in love are true believers;
See, the dancers wait for thee:
Then come, thou dear one, come with me.

Give me some token,
Say you'll comply;
My heart is broken,
If you deny.

True love's a jewel,
Dainty and rare;
Then be not cruel,
O maiden fair.

12. Bachelet.

(a) Chere Nuit.

Grieg.

(b) Solvegslied.

Strauss.

(c) Serenade.

Mme. Maconda.

13. De Koven.

"Recessional."

Toronto Male Chorus Club.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine :—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget.

Far call'd our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.

If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and tron shard
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people Lord ! Amen.